FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1919

The Evening World Daily Magazine

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Fourteen Points For The League of Matrimony.

No. 2—SELF-DETERMINATION OF FRIENDSHIPS

Stagnant Joys Are as Unsanitary as Unrenewed Fountains—We Cannot Hibernate Happiness. A Bear May Be Able to Retire Unto Himself and Suck His Paws for Months, but a Human Being Cannot.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

ALL Robinson Crusoes are not men. The person who marries in order to acquire a more or less docile and perpetual pupil in art, science, conduct and morals frequently carries a vanity case and reads Elinor Glyn, something no self-respecting male has ever been known to do.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

But whether Robinson Crusoe is man or woman, the first thing he undertakes is to create a desert island around the unfortunate man or girl Friday he has domesticated by eliminating all poor Friday's friends.

"I wish you wouldn't have the Brown girl here so often," Crusoe begins. "She's not the sort of woman I want my wife to have for a friend," or "Let me know in advance when that awful Green female is coming so I can dine at the club."

The woman Crusoe's methods are less direct. Let a man's wife dislike one of his cronies and I defy the most enlightened husband to resist her decree of banishment or even to keep from sharing her prejudice. The crudest means of ridding the household of one of these undesirables is, of course, the intimation that—for his own sake—the young man should be kept away for a time. He will get over his infatuation naturally, but why expose him to temptation? A much more subtle propaganda is commonly carried on by wives against the men they mark for destruction.

I say nothing about the dooming of women friends. A good husband, according to the popular definition of the term, is not supposed to have such things. Automatically, the pronunciation of the wedding ceremony must blot from his consciousness an entire sex, save only the single specimen with whom he has elected to be marooned in marriage.

Similarly, the putting of a plain gold band on a woman's finger is held to efface several billion males from her plane of existence. The fact that these theories seldom work out satisfactorily should indicate to an inquiring mind that there is something the matter with them.

As a matter of fact, the awful isolation of the so-called "happy marriage" is precisely what dooms it to boredom, disillusionment and ultimate dissolution.

We cannot hibernate happiness. A bear may be able to retire into himself and suck his paws through long Ican months of winter, but a human being cannot. Stagnant joys get as unsanitary as unrenewed fountains, and all the water lilies we can grow over them do not conceal from a sensitive nostril the evidences of decay.

Husbands and wives who cut each other off from the fresh contacts, the constant stimulation of other minds, are spending the capital of their happiness instead of living on the interest and are headed for inevitable bankruptcy.

It should be no reflection on the personality of a mate that his or her society does not fill at all times and forever every need of that complicated and capricious piece of machinery—the human mind. If Anatole France and Bernard Shaw, or, if you prefer it, President Wilson and Lloyd George, were to be shut up together in a prison cell for life, it would not be a week before each would welcome the arrival of the most illiterate turnkey in the place as a relief from the other.

Human morals and human laws concern themselves only with the steadier and more faithful half of the human machine, the body. Yet the most elementary knowledge of psychology makes one understand that it is possible for a roving imagination to commit all the follies of the Arabian Nights without violating any one of the Ten Commandments. The imagination that roves is the imagination that is starved. And the way to keep the imagination at home is to allow it every stimulation consistent with the most liberal interpretation of the marr[illegible]

The wife who says, "What did Mazie Jones have to tell you that was so interesting you didn't see I was left standing all by myself at the Browns' reception?" is simply suggesting to her husband possibilities in Mazie Jones that might never have occurred to him had she not given his imagination that little fillip. The husband who remarks that "that Smith fellow made you pretty conspicuous last night by his attentions" merely tends to concentrate his wife's thoughts on a person she might never have considered again.

"Were young Smith's attentions so conspicuous?" she ponders, not altogether unflattered. "I wonder if he can be interested in me. Not a bad looking boy, is he? Bill is not such a jealous fool as to imagine something altogether unfounded."

Result—whenever she meets the Smith boy thereafter she keeps on wondering, and that harmless youth acquires an importance for two human beings not justified by his personal attractions.

Until some way is found to control the impulses of the human mind, and a constitutional amendment can be passed declaring just which thoughts are lawful and proper for us to think, and which are contraband and innocent, the person who seeks permanent peace in marriage will encourage his mate to pursue every form of mental stimulation or diversion within reach.

This stimulation and diversion are often found in friendships that, harmless in themselves, may develop through jealous persecution into serious menaces to happiness.

So the wise wife encourages her husband to have all the men and women friends he likes. And the wise husband knows that the best way to keep his wife's imagination at home is not to endeavor to chain it there.

New Waffle Record Held by A. E. F. 2d Lieut. Wins Fame by Eating Sixteen

UNDER the records made and broken by the American Expeditionary Forces in France, a new item was entered the other day, when sixteen waffles were eaten at a single sitting by a young Second Lieutenant whose name is denied by the censor, but whose fame has already spread through several divisions in the Toul sector.

Eating waffles at all in France is a feat. It can be accomplished, however, at the Y. M. C. A. Officers' Club in Toul, or "Mother Walker's," as it is known to the sector. Here the second lieutenant came, saw the waffles and conquered sixteen of them, thus putting to shame the lieutenant colonel, who had held the record up to that time with nine waffles. Adding to the glory of his achievement was the fact that he had gone over the top the day before and had been in the trenches most of the night.

Officers in several divisions call Mother Walker's "the only place in France where you can get a real American breakfast." Before beginning upon his waffles the lieutenant had eaten the regulation first courses of the breakfast, consisting of a large dish of prunes, a plate of oatmeal and milk, two fried eggs, quantities of white bread and butter and two huge cups of coffee. Then the waffles came on. It is a rule at Mother Walker's that every breakfaster shall have as many waffles as he likes. The second lieutenant liked sixteen.

"I wasn't in very good form or I could have done better," he said modestly after the meal. "Wait till some time when I'm not so tired."

EVENING WORLD PUZZLES.

The Dinner Was Cold.

By Sam Loyd.

OUR guests, who arrived two hours late, explained:

"We had a blowout one hour after leaving home, and had to finish the trip at 3-5 of our former speed. If the accident had occurred 50 miles further, we would have arrived 40 minutes sooner."

Now, who can tell the distance our guests travelled?

Answer to What's This Date Puzzle

Bobby made his speech upon September 21.

EVENING WORLD REPORTER WHO FOUGHT IN THE LINE TELLS VIVID STORY OF N. Y. GUARDSMEN IN BATTLE

How The 27th Smashed The Hindenburg Line

Foch Planned an Earthquake to Tear the Line to Pieces—The Section Assigned to the 27th Was the Centre, Described by the Germans' Secret Book as the Most Dangerous and Hopeless for the Attacker—Through Six Miles of Hills and Valleys Bristling With Artillery, Machine Guns and Barbed Wire, Gen. O'Ryan and the 27th Prepared to Smash Their Way—Second Instalment of Sergt. McLellan's Story.

By Sergt. H. H. McLellan of the 107th Regiment

(Evening World Reporter Who Served With the Intelligence Section of the 27th Division.)

THE General Staff and Foch had planned to throw an earthquake into Hindy and tear the line to pieces. It took weeks of brain work. The line had been studied and mapped and remapped and barraged on maps and mapped again by our staffs and the staffs higher up. Air photos were taken twice daily, in rain and through the clouds, to detect the slightest change in the earth's face that would indicate new works on the giant system. That was one advantage of chalky ground. It showed up on air photos like cooties on a black shirt. There were new trenches, wire, dugouts and pillboxes. While Gerry could work, he did so fast and furiously. It is not essential to tell here whether the German higher command knew that a copy of their secret book detailing the Hindenburg line's construction to the minutest detail, with maps, specifications and technical points, was in the hands of the British and also in the hands of our staff. How it fell into the hands of our Allies is likewise unimportant, but the story would make interesting reading and I should like to be the man who got it—provided he wasn't a German who sold it.

H. H. McLELLAN

This book revealed many valuable things, but not all. It gave the names of various sectors of the system and their military values. The first paragraph told how the line was built with the utmost care and of the greatest strength while the country it scarred was not under Allied observation. It had been built to be manned by a minimum number of men, and therefore more strongly than any other defense work the Germans had ever built in France or perhaps along the Rhine. It showed—valuable only as an index to German military thoughts—that in 1917 Hindenburg knew his forces would be depleted and that machines would have to fill the gaps in ranks. Hence the machine guns and the quarter-inch thick armorplate his gunners wore in defending the line.

WE STRIKE AT THE HEART OF HINDY.

The section selected for us was the centre, midway between St. Quentin and Cambrai. The book described it as the most dangerous and hopeless for the attacker—us. From our side it looked formidable. In the foreground to a depth of six miles hundreds of barbed wire traps and solid strings of wire ran over hills and into valleys, with inviting gaps to lure men into spots covered by scores of machine guns. The strong point, and the one to be held at all costs by the Germans, was a system or systems of trenches that zigzagged along a narrow plateau a few hundred yards from the steep eastern bank of the St. Quentin Canal, now almost dry and turned over to military purposes entirely.

In front of that canal, toward our side, was a deep railroad cut with steep banks also and a small river, each comprising another natural obstacle designed to hold up our men and expose them to the myriads of machine guns mounted in the concrete pillboxes and trenches on the plateau. Hardly a yard of earth up and down that section of the line that had not been touched by German pick or shovel. Full view of our ground was commanded at all times—that was one of the strongest features of the line. The little spurs rising out of the slopes of the plateau furnished ample and deceptive shelter for machine guns and artillery.

Riverside Drive bereft of its apartments and scarred by concrete trenches and pillboxes, with a canal and a small river in place of the Hudson and another canal cutting through midway between the Drive and Broadway, gives a civilian comparison but very poorly of what the Hindenburg Line would be like. Nothing really compares with the line and its maker intended that nothing before it ever should.

All these features were described in the book. Up to that point it was valuable from an intelligence standpoint. It left out fatal parts—for the attacker. It forgot to mention the man traps, tunnels, secret mazes of trench and the mines, planted as plentifully as the sugar beets which once flourished in the self-same ground. Lieut. Col. W. T. Starr, who, as Assistant Chief of Staff of the 27th, was in charge of Intelligence, spent days with Gen. O'Ryan and higher staff studying air photos.

DAMP WEATHER BUT UNDAMPENED ARDOR.

Whenever a little circle of white and an accompanying black shadow was found on the photos Gen. O'Ryan would order the heavies to flatten it out, and, judging by what I saw later, a Hip Song tong flatiron wielder never did better work. Gen. O'Ryan delivered what they call "short, gentle bursts of fire"—not single shots, but mild salvos which wiped out the places whenever they were discovered, which wasn't often, during the preliminaries known as "artillery preparation."

The secret traps laid in this barrier were not described, as I have said, in the captured book. They can best be pictured while telling of the course of battle, as our men were surprised by them and fought and died in their snares.

A slight downpour on the night of Sept. 28, and a heavy mist, had made the chalky roads extremely slippery and had filled the shell holes with gassy water. The fields across which the white tapes had been laid to mark the jumping off place—what a name for the last station in the Great Adventure—were sloppy, and vaporous remnants of a previous gas attack were arising. Our men pitched their pup tents a few yards on our side of the line and spent the night sneezing from the effects of the gas. Tanks were grinding their way across the fields into positions along another black and white tape—the way of the tank is mostly black—while low flying airplanes with jerky, tuberculous engines sang a schemeless chant to drown the clank and exhaust from the iron baby carriages. Soft songs came out of the unlighted tents whose occupants, panting for the big show, lit and smoked their cigarettes in closed hands for fear the Boche in the air might see them. Still they were singing the old songs of the Big Town and talking about the big eats at home and making all sorts of little confessions about moving picture actresses they had written flirtatious letters to—boyish little tricks like that interested them. And they were in the shadow of colossal Hindy! What contempt. Only a New Yorker could have it.

In such a happy manner the men of every fighting unit in the 27th spent that night, set at the marks for the great race of the morrow. Gen. O'Ryan had moved his post of command into a chalk quarry at St. Emilie, a few thousand yards behind the lines. For the nights that followed we slept in soft chalk that would soon again be ground into tooth powder. Quartered in a tooth powder mine was at least being sanitary.

Division officers collected at headquarters like boys at a dog fight. Scotch officers with their plaid caps, British brass hats, and French lieutenants who gather the news of the battle and send to the flanking units and back to army headquarters. Hulks of giant Australians stalked about the quarry and opened cans of corned willy. They couldn't go to bed indoors because the huts and dugout sleeping spaces were too short, so they spent the nights outside.

THE AUSSIE GENERAL AND HIS BOYS.

The big dugout tunnelled into the walls of the quarry was jammed with snoring men, all ranks getting a snatch of sleep. Our quarters were on a high shelf on the eastern wall of the quarry. Below in a deep pit were the men of the Signal Corps and some engineers of Gen. Vanderbilt's old 22d Regiment from Washington Heights—men who not only were required to repair wires and build bridges under fire but who shouldered rifles and used them, too. The picture was made more cosmopolitan by a collection of French orderlies and British batmen who brought bed rolls and blankets for their officers but were never put to the trouble of unrolling them.

The eves of great battles were resplendent with gold lace and military formality in the old days. Not now. War, the business and the trade, knows no formalities in this century. Moving about, hatless and coatless and shirt thrown open at the neck, and even suspenders hanging—belts will not keep up a lanky Aussie's trousers, which to cover his big form must weigh pounds that no belt could hold—the picturesque figure of Major Gen. Gellibrand, commander of the Australian Division, which was to leapfrog through us when we attained our objectives, commanded attention.

Gaunt and gray haired, he pushed among his men, officers and privates mingling. He leaned now against the shoulders of one of his "boys"—a private—and presently he lighted a cigarette or begged a light from an American doughboy standing near. Together the medley of warriors pawed over a map of the western front, and the General ventured his opinions as freely as the company cook tells you where you get off when late for mess. He had the spirit of a boy, though well past fifty, and the agility of a street gamin. He personified the soul of our neighbor in the Pacific whose soldiers are all volunteers and whose laws forbid the execution of a solider for desertion. They are very proud of those two things and—their hats. They wear headgear something like our campaign hats. The right side of the brim is turned up sharply and clasped against the crown by a bronze symbol of the rising sun of their far-western island. When going into battle they leave these hats behind and those that return get them. They fight bareheaded and barearmed.

Gen. Gellibrand bobbed into offices and out again, tearing through the chalk revetments with maps flying wildly from his hands. He was a bunch of nerves and a wonder to have withstood so well the month of sleepless nights and unending study through which he and his men had passed from the day they hurled back the Boche at Villers Bretonneux with such force and in such delirium that whole trainloads of Germans hooked up to locomotives and bound home on leave, field hospitals, women nurses, well stocked canteens and division commanders with their staffs and automobiles fell into their hands.

Gen. O'Ryan was the calmer nature, as he always was—even mild and soft tongued when his division, with 500 men left in each brigade, moved out of the line the last time. He knew every platoon in his division, and in meeting the test each one would be called upon to do its full measure of duty. He alone in our division at that time knew what the task was. About midnight on the 28th he came into the Intelligence Office hatless, which was the only time I ever had seen him depart from his strict observance of military amenities. His hair, gray and thin, was rumpled. He called for a barrage map and all data we had about the depth of water in the canal. The only information we could get about the water came from aeroplanes, and judging depth of water by looking down upon it from the air is not the best way.

At 2 o'clock in the morning of the 29th we knew the zero hour had been set for 5.20 A. M.

(To Be Continued To-Morrow.)

New York War Babies

Who Will Have To Be Introduced to Their Fathers

THE four little babies who are within easy cooing distance of each other in the above picture may never meet in this big city and much bigger world, but that doesn't interest them half as much as the fact that they have not yet even met their daddies who sailed away to fight for Uncle Sam too early to be among the first to greet their kiddies.

Ladies and gentlemen, may we present Master Robert Pershing Gilmore of No. 676 60th Street, Brooklyn. He was born Sept. 29, 1918, just as his daddy, Thomas Kirby Gilmore, was leaving for "over there" with the 50th Regiment, C. A. C. Robert's great-great-grandfather, Capt. Frederick Pross, gave his life for his country in '62, while serving with Company F., 31st New York Volunteers, and his great-grandfather, John Pross, served with the famous 5th New York Duryea Zouaves.

Helen Winifred Godwin, formerly of Harlem but now of the Bronx, was born Sept. 10, 1918, a month after her father, Private Harold Reginald Godwin, 31st Pioneer Infantry, Company D, sailed for France.

Little Ferdinando Fragasso of No. 218 East 121st Street, New York City, also was born just a month after daddy went overseas. Ferdinando was born Oct. 31, 1918. Daddy is Corpl. Luca Fragasso, at present with the Graves Registration Service, Unit E, Provisional Service, A. E. F.

May 25, 1918, James C. Lawless left New York. June 16, 1918, Anna Lawless arrived in New York. Which is why they didn't meet at No. 486 Ninth Avenue, New York City. Daddy is army field clerk, G-4 Headquarters, 1st Army, A. E. F., and his present address is France.

A Dozen Roads to Success For the Girl Who Works

By Charlotte Wharton Ayers

INSURANCE—NO. XII.

A WOMAN of fire and flame—with the flashing smile and biz, velvety, gray eyes of the Russian type—a commercialized genius as it were, but faintly describes the first woman who ever wrote life insurance in this country. Mrs. Ray Wilner Sundelson of the Equitable Life has been in the business some twenty-four years or more, and her income ranges up into many thousands. She has her own agency, with a force of hundreds of men. She is the only woman in the entire insurance world who handles such an agency. Some five years ago she decided that the opportunities for bright, clever women in the insurance business were very great, and she began to employ them in her department. She has now a considerable force of women in addition to the men. They are what she calls "100 per cent. workers," and making good in a marvellous way, and she has never changed her opinion regarding their adaptability and capacity for the work. She has this to say regarding it:

CHARLOTTE WHARTON AYERS

"The opportunities to make MUCH money in this business are simply remarkable!" she exclaimed, with the flashing smile and mobile change of expression so characteristic of her race. "No other business pays so well, and few business women command the respect and attention which a representative of a big insurance company does, because every one realizes now that it takes some quite unusual qualities to enable one to succeed along those lines.

"The Equitable alone has between 500 and 600 women agents, and the army is growing, for the women are finding out that it has wonderful possibilities for the future as far as a steady income is concerned. If they succeed at all, they can earn from $3,000 to $10,000 a year, and there is also an income adjustment which accrues in proportion to their business.

"It is not only a dignified business," said Mrs. Sundelson, "but it is a profession, and the income which a woman can earn is only limited by her industry and intellectual capacity, and then it is one of the most independent ways of earning a living there is. A woman's time is entirely her own to do as she likes with. She knows that she will have to produce results in order to hold her own, and it is entirely up to her to use her time judiciously.

"But the work gives a woman a wonderful opportunity to broaden her outlook and meet fine people—men of achievement and distinction and women of culture. She will make connections in the way of business which will be of use to her in many ways. She will hear topics discussed which will be a liberal education to her. She will find that to hold her own with the women and men of affairs whom she will approach in her business capacity, she will have to be so well posted on all the current topics, as well as every phase of her business, her mentality will be enhanced to a remarkable degree. She will rapidly become one of the worth-while women this epochal period is developing."

And then her voice dropped, and she added earnestly: "But I want to say to you that to succeed a woman must take up the work in all seriousness. She must not have in the back of her mind that she will stick just long enough to meet some nice man and perhaps marry him and let him do the hustling for her. She must not think she can become an insurance agent as a temporary expedient and quit when something better turns up. She must not go into the thing because she has just happened to learn of the income possibilities. She must let none of these several reasons influence her.

"BUT, she must have a keen desire for a real commercial success, and be honestly willing to give the time, attention and strength to a solution of the best way to accomplish the job. If she has brains and personality and industry beyond the average, united to a well-groomed appearance, and a bright, cheerful, happy way of looking at life, she will go far in the insurance business—but not otherwise.

"I have five women in my own agency who are members of the Century Club," said Mrs. Sundelson with pride, "and that means that they must write over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of insurance a year. If you are good at percentages, you can figure out just about what their annual income is."

I denied the soft impeachment. Mathematics and fried parsnips being two of the things I absolutely refuse to recognize when I meet them. Ignoring the supposition that I could figure percentages, I asked hastily:

"Just how would a girl start if she wanted to become one o' the "big" women in the insurance business?"

"Go to an agency and make her application," said Mrs. Sundelson promptly. "If she came to me, for instance, I would talk to her and try and get a general idea of her capacity and adaptability for the work. If I satisfied myself that she could make a success, I'd engage her and start her with a week or two of instruction. Then I'd give her some good "leads"—if she had none of her own—and start her out.

"And I must say in conclusion," said Mrs. Sundelson with a somewhat deprecating smile, "that I simply cannot spend the time with what I call the "little women." They take so much time and they do so little. I want a woman to be always a lady—but in business I want her to act like a man."

Mrs. Sundelson's specialty is training agents, and her personal supervision methods make of them all "big sellers," but she is so interested and absorbed in her work that she does more than that. She gets right into the heart of things and makes the worker feel that she has a personal interest in each and every one of them, which makes for loyalty of the very highest type.

How Thrifty Ben Franklin Earned Place on W. S. S.

RESIDENTS of Philadelphia realize well why Ben Franklin's picture appears on the 1919 W. S. S.

One item of the versatile printer's thrift has given many Philadelphians ready money when it was badly needed, and now nets the city at large a handsome little building.

Franklin made a bequest of $25,000 as the "Dr. Franklin Fund for Loans to Young Married Artificers." The bequest was made in 1790, and in making it, Franklin looked 200 years ahead, estimating what the total would be in 1890 and 1990.

By his process of calculation, Franklin estimated the fund would be $665,000 at the end of the first 100 years, but it fell far short of this figure, reaching but $89,883.95.

Several reasons are advanced for the failure of the fund to reach the amount Franklin had expected in 1890, but the principal one is that the "young married artificers" failed to borrow as often as he had expected, due probably to the restrictions. Later the restrictions were made less drastic in an effort to get the money out to borrowers, with the result that less attention was paid to character and responsibility and frequently the loan and interest were both lost.

The terms laid down by Franklin were characteristic. They were dictated by sound business judgment. He decreed that the loans should not be more than £99, nor less than £15. Borrowers were required to pay each year interest at 5 per cent. together with 10 per cent. of the principal until the loan was paid off. It was with the expectation that the entire fund would be kept busy that Franklin made his estimates of what the total would be in 102 years.

Franklin did not intend the entire fund to be continued for loans after 1890, but that in that year £100,000 be turned over to the city of Philadelphia to "bring the waters of the Wissahickon Creek to the city and for public improvements, such as aqueducts, fortifications, &c."

In 1907 the Board of City Trusts, which was custodian of the Franklin fund, turned over the money, about $133,000, to the Franklin Institute, for use by the latter institution in its fund to erect a memorial building on the new Philadelphia Parkway in memory of Franklin.